Drambee FLAME

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## AFRIKAN HISTORY MONTH

"If there is no struggle there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom and yet deprecate agitation are men who want crops without plowing up the ground, want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters..."

--Frederick Douglass 1857

If this month is to have any true significance, it must mark a time of thorough, honest, and critical reflection on our past and present, the past and present of Afrikan people at home and throughout the world and particularly here in the United States. The commemoration of Afrikan history should give to us or strengthen our pride in our long Afrikan heritage. It should, as well, serve to assist us in answering the question of how we arrived from the point of building the first civilizations to our current status, in this country, of a politically, economically, and psychologically enslaved people. The reflections of this month, to be of use to us, must serve to aid us in rising up out of the ashes of our current condition...so that again we may fly.

In this issue of the FLAME, aside from our regular features, we present some provocative passages from important written works by Afrikan authors. We present these passages in hopes of bringing enlightenment.

--the editor

## RELIGION

"Most fundamental and absolutely critical to the white supremacy system of religious thought was the formation of the image of a white man as the 'son' of God. This white male image was then referred to as 'Christ'; it doesn't matter that the prophet Jesus was a Black man.

Because of the nature of the human brain that functions on logic circuits, once a white male image is established in the brain computer logic as the son of God, then the brain computer at deep unconscious levels automatically concludes that God the Father is also a white male, since Black or other non-white males would have produced a non-white son.

Thus, any person accepting the Christian religion--whether conscious of it or not--has the image and concept of God as a white man. With this unconscious 'God-is-a-white-man' logic circuit securely implanted, the message becomes very clear: the white man(as God the Father) is supreme, perfect in power...and goodness...from whom all blessings flow....

To be Black and to accept the image of the white man as God is the highest possible form of a lack of self respect. Such perception and emotional response is therefore insanity. It ensures that Black people will always look up to white people and therefore will always look down upon themselves.

Only through obliteration of this brain computer logic circuit that 'God is a white man' can the reality of Black and other non-white liberation come into being. It is in this direction that we must propel ourselves in the final decades of the Twentieth Century."

--Dr. Frances Cress Welsing

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## LEADERSHIP

"...the black middle class suffers ideologically also from its minimum goal approach. Thus, it seeks jobs rather than ownership, busing instead of administrative and financial control of community schools to obtain quality education; Democratic and Republican party participation rather than or in conjunction with support for an independent black party; and federal poverty programs rather than or in conjunction with shared social wealth and economic self-help. The black middle class leadership, then, clearly faces a conflict in goal commitments and

goal priorities. Wilson(1960:185) posed this conflict between what he calls 'welfare goals' and 'status goals,' i.e., material and political goals.

"Reflecting the vulgar pragmatism of the dominant society, black middle class leadership will tend to choose the material over the political goals, material things over conditions of freedom and power and immediate gratification over long-term struggle for a higher level of human life. Thus, they tend to reduce human aspiration to pursuit of the basic three, i.e., food, clothing, and shelter. They do not seem to grasp that a slave, even if well-fed, well-housed and well-clothed, is still a slave or that the political goals of power is the only way to achieve and insure acquisition of life-sustaining goals as well as the ultimate human aspiration of a realm of freedom and higher levels of humanity.....

"Leadership can be defined as 'the self-conscious capacity to provide vision and values, and produce structures, programs and practice which satisfies human needs and aspirations and transforms persons and society in the process.'....It is, therefore, this definition and kind of leadership of which the black community is in dire need and which will undoubtedly contribute definitively to the solution of the crisis of black leadership."

--Maulana Karenga

## FROM OTHER SOURCES

Hunger in the U.S...."...-More than 3 million school children-one third of them from poor families-have been dropped from the nation's school lunch program, from about 26.8 million student in 1982 to 23.6 million

-The average price to a student buying lunch in the National School Lunch Program has jumped about 17 percent; 63.5 cents in 1980-81 nearly 80 cents in 1982

-Children from poor families must depend on the school lunch program for between one-third and one-half of their daily nutrient intake, according to a study by the Food Research and Action Council, a nonprofit group..."

The information on the school lunch program was taken from p. 8 of the Winter 1983 edition of AIM QUARTERLY.

## PUBLICATIONS

BLACK NEBRASKANS: INTERVIEWS FROM THE NEBRASKA BLACK ORAL HISTORY

Compiled by Alonzo N. Smith
Assistant Professor Black Studies Dept./U.N.O.
$5.00 per copy

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BLACK MEN AND WOMEN OF NEBRASKA

Written by Donna Mays Polk
Photographed by John Spence

Available through:

Neb. Black History Preservation Society
543 West Keating Circle
Lincoln, Neb. 68524

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BLACK MALE/FEMALE RELATIONSHIPS

periodical

1801 Bush St., Suite 118
San Francisco, CA.
94109

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What is green, costs considerably less than a carton of cigarettes, and does not cause cancer? A Harambee "thought t-shirt." $6.00, unless we have to mail it to you.

Specs: red and black print on green background,

outline of the map of Afrika on the front with the words "Where I'm Comin' From" on the face of the continent,

circular border reading "Harambee Afrikan Cultural Org."

Send inquiries to the Harambee Afrikan Cultural organization.

"WILD & LOOSE" BY THE TIME

What time is it
Hanging by the door
Decked out like a queen
Your body says you're twenty-one
But your face says seventeen
Intuition tells me that you're waiting
for the band
But before you get your hopes up
One thing understand

Wild and loose is how it's got to be
'cause that's the only kind of dame
that appeals to me
Wild and loose
That's the only life I know
Just having one big party
from show to show

Talking trash and jimmy-jam
Tell us where the party's at
We don't care who you came with
We'll take care of that
Just meet us at the go-tel
Room 602
Tell your mama you won't be home
'cause we got plans for you

Wild and loose is how it's got to be
'cause that's the only kind of dame
that appeals to me
Wild and loose
That's the only life I know
Just having one big party
from show to show

Universal freak delight
Where'd you get those thighs
Where did you get the nerve
to wear that mini-skirt so high
Don't worry baby
I'll keep your secret
for as long as snow is white
Hey Jesse girl
Come here man
Guess what I did last night

Wild and loose is how it's got to be
'cause that's the only kind of dame
that appeals to me
Wild and loose
That's the only life I know
Just having one big party
from show to show

Honey you aint no saint
'cause there aint no in-between
either you come or you can't
Now get loose
Let me hear you scream.

Wild and loose is how it's got to be
'cause that's the only kind of dame
that appeals to me
Wild and loose
That's the only life I know
Just having one big party
from show to show

Wild and loose
Wild and loose.....

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The above is by the popular "soul" group, "The Time." In this fairly typical example of what is offered to us as "soul," we are given a picture of ourselves in which our men are committed to nothing other than partying and having sex, in which our women are nothing other than things/sex toys, and in which the guidance of our parents is something which can be readily ignored.

This, regrettably, is the kind of so-called "music" that our youth are listening and jamming to. Worse, this is the crap which too many of our alleged "musicians" are feeding to us and getting rich off of.

If you think it is disgusting to have to read this politically and socially regressive nonsense, imagine how disgusting and distasteful an experience it was to have to listen to this in order to copy the words down. Imagine the impact this garbage is having on our minds.

--the editor

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## FLIGHT

spirited through the sky
by a kindly and ethereal wind
passing through
a seemingly perpetual series of evil jaws
inflamed throats
intestinal tubes of anger housing
hatred bowels
rectal bitterness
pulsations reeking of foul polarizations
so close to me beating
throwing back to me too forcefully
my hurried breath
my exhalations as turbulent waters splashing
against my face in reeflike hardness
around me ribbons of white hang
in twisted pain
shredded fiercely from parental clouds
by ill-wind blades
brutally sharp in their certain swings
like machetes cutting sugar cane
sun eyes hang from pendulums
moving back and forth in jerky motions
twitching in myopic paths
casting the shadows of self-centered balls
dressed in the starchy clothes of stiff
notions and ego-deflated
self-defensive emotions
bouncing randomly against bloody walls
in a motley sky
its blues and reds running together around
and below me
just above me the sky is clearing
revealing the faces of the prophets
the sight of them soothing to my eyes
their faces glimmering in the light
of a true sun
in his hand john coltrane caresses the staff
the golden saxophone
with which he split absurdity
that sea whose status quo depths
had stirred so previously little
beneath a calm surface of post-mortem red
where the music of the dead
had lain strewn like rotted vegetation
and at his right side sat harriet tubman
wearing her long train gown
the underground railroad lady
who'd laid the tracks of freedom truth
across the evil face of slave-holding states
led her flock from the mark of the whip
boldly defying retribution hounds
and the callous slugs of the bounty hunters
boldly defying the law
to carry her passengers from its grip
and then too malcolm
the aura around him forming a perceptive eye
seeing things clear
drawing distant things near
as he did himself while in the there
i had once known as here
here in the jaws of the eagle
bald mutated deformed
peering down from its flag pole perch
serpentine neck bent down by a heavy head
bellowing lies from a slick forked tongue
swooping down across the land
scooping up man woman and child
fooling them with a smile
catching them off guard
its foul bite reeking of racism
reeking of sexism
smelling of class distinction
farting technological progress in putrid clouds
that hang above the crowded cities
to rub raw the throats
to burn the lungs and poison the milk
of the mothers
casting a pallor upon the horizon
where silhouettes of the young
form ghastly shapes wretching in the sunset
malcolm seized this bird before our eyes
let us see the wormy reflections of our lives
the gore of our broken spirits
and some among us saw this truth
and woke from american dreams

....

life's tenacious hand
holds me from passing through the gate
pulls me back
toward the lesions and boils
of the earth's troubled face
dropping me hard and indiscreet
in the middle of the street
where the hot asphalt
sticky from the august heat
burns hell out my seat
sending me jumping
none too judiciously
from the peace of my revery.

--David L. Rice